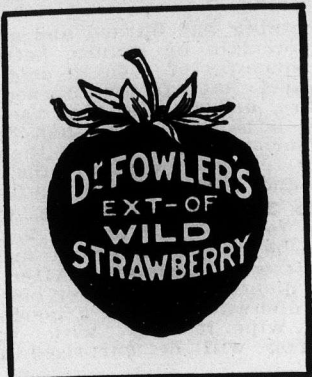


For Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps, Colic, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all Looseness of the Bowels

There is no Medicine Like



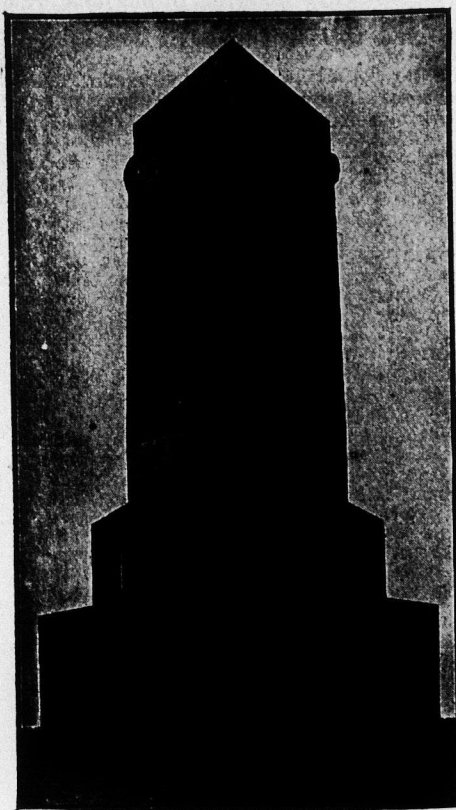
It has been a household remedy for 63 years. You can always rely on it in time of need to do just what we claim for it. Do not allow an unprincipled druggist to palm off a cheap substitute on you.

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE ONLY CURE FOR DIARRHOEA.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry for diarrhoea, and I think there is not a better remedy to be found, as I have a large family and all subject to it. I would not be without it in the house as it is a quick cure, and 'the only thing' that will cure them."

SOMERVILLE
Steam Marble and Granite Works
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ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

SEND 25c. Receive by mail post paid 25 pieces of velvet different colors, for fancy work.

Southcott and Co., London, Ont.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

THANKSGIVING.

The beaded frost at early morn
Gleams whitely o'er the stubble,
And past the eaves at night is borne
The north wind's wail of trouble;
But shines the hearth with ruddy light,
The board is gay and cheery,
And household mirth is flowing bright
Round hearts forlorn and weary.

How dark soe'er the world path be,
How vexing earthly clamor,
To-day the sunbeams goldenly
Pour down a heavenly glamour.
The warring voices cease, or blend
In chords of solemn sweetness,
While harvest anthems seek the Friend
Who gives the year completeness.

For tender spring, for summer's wealth,
For autumn's royal splendor,
For homes of peace, for joy and health,
Thanksgivings full we render:
And age with winter's sifted snow
Meets childhood's sunny weather;
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And all are glad together.

Jinks—The idea of asking me what I'd do if I was rich! The question is simply idiotic.

An Irishman slipping his arm round his sweetheart's waist for the first time, said: "Biddy, how am I progressing?"
Biddy: "Troth, Barney, and yer holding yer own!"

Small Boy (at the circus, sternly, to his grandfather): "Don't laugh like that, grandpapa; people will think this is the first time you've ever been in a place of amusement."

Algernon: "You say she has only partially returned your affection?"
Clarence: "Yes; and that's what I'm grumbling at. She returned all the love-letters, but retained all the jewellery."

The Preacher—"I was surprised to see your husband get up and walk out of church while I was preaching!" The Wife—"Oh, don't think anything of that! You know he's troubled with somnambulism!"

"You wouldn't sell your vote, would you?" No, suh, answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But if a gemmen what's runnin' foh office was to give me two dollahs, common gratitude would make me vote foh him."

Jasper: "Whenever a great man dies, Longhair writes a poem about him."
Rasper: "Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before the great man dies."

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"
"My husband."
"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize."
"Never mind; I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are."

"Did you tell the ladies who called that I had the 'flu,' Bridget?"
"That I did, mum; I told 'em, ye wasn't feelin' well, and ye was goin' to call on 'em soon, and they sez they were sorry to hear it."

"What do you think of the two new candidates?" asked one elector of another during a recent contest.
"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them, I'm thankful only one of them can get in."

Her grandmother was so ill that the report got about that she was dead. A sympathetic old gentleman met the child in the street.
"And when is your grandmother to be buried, my dear?" he asked her.
"Not till she's dead, sir."

While a penurious grocer was telling his new boy how careful he must be a fly settled on a bag of sugar. The grocer caught it and threw it away. The boy then said:
"If you want me to be careful you are setting me a bad example."
"Why?" asked the grocer, "you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."

"Well," remarked a gentleman, after a long argument on the question of man's superiority over woman, "at least there is one good, sweet, and perfect thing which a man can have and a woman cannot."

"Never!" cried his wife, passionately. "Never! I deny it! What do you mean?"
"A wife!"

Mrs. A.: "Men are so queer after the honeymoon. If you tell them your love is growing cold they don't even glance up from their newspapers."

Mrs. X.: "No; but tell them the soup is growing cold and they jump about ten feet."

Bald Customer: "Can you really recommend this pomade?"

Hairdresser: "Very highly, sir. Look what a head of hair I've got, and now" (removing his wig) "what I looked like before I used it."

"Your wife is somewhat strong-minded, isn't she, Littlejohn?"
"Strong-minded? A furniture-polish pedlar came here yesterday, and in five minutes she sold him some polish she had made herself."

Guest: "Walter, take back this beef-steak. It isn't cooked enough."

Walter: "I thought you said you wanted it underdone, sir?"

Guest: "Underdone! Why it's so raw you can hear it below."

Her Adorer: "May I marry your daughter, sir?"

Her Father: "What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off."

Her Adorer: "No, perhaps not, but I know when you're well off."

First Boarder: "For goodness' sake, Bill, smuggle this magazine out of the house before the landlady can see it."

Second Boarder: "What's the matter?"

First Boarder: "Article on 'A dainty Meal from the Dinner's Leavings, or Utilizing Left-overs.'"

Towne: "There was a spelling-bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?"

Browne: No; was it interesting?"

Towne: "Rather. The first three words he gave out were 'increase, pastor, salary.'"

"But you confess, papa," protested the beautiful girl, when the father showed indications of a desire to withhold his consent, that you do not know of a single, solitary thing that is in the least derogatory to his reputation."

"That's just it," replied the old gentleman. "I don't like the idea of bringing anyone into my family who is so infernally sly as all that."

"There's the van with the piano we bought this morning," said a suburban madam to her spouse. "Now you just send it back."

"Why?" he inquired.

"Well, of all the stupid!" was the response. "Do you suppose that we are going to pay fifty guineas for a piano and have it brought home at this time of night, when the neighbors can't see it? Not if I know it!"

"Woman," he hissed, "woman, do you thus spurn my heart after leading me on?"

"When did I lead you on, as you call it?" asked the girl.

"Did you not tell me that a fortune-teller had told you that you were to wed a handsome, blonde young man, with the grace of a Greek god and the voice of an aolian harp?"

When a certain eminent politician in his youth was reading Euclid with his tutor, he found it very tedious, and after a time he asked: "Was Euclid a good man?"

The tutor did not know.

"Was he an honorable, truthful man?"

"We know nothing to the contrary," was the other's reply.

"Then don't you think we might take his word for all this?"

"Why are they called pyramids, grandpa?" queried little Emerson, who was looking at a picture of those Egyptian wonders.

"They are called pyramids, my boy," replied the old man, shamelessly, "because they appear amid the general desolation of the desert."

Whereupon the hall clock tried to hide its face with its hands.

The change of dietary that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

WOULD YOU KNOW YOUR FUTURE?

Do You Want To Know About Your Business, Health, Speculation, Marriage, Love Affairs, or How To Improve Your Condition Financially and Socially?

EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO WRITES AT ONCE WILL RECEIVE A

FREE READING

FROM AMERICA'S RELIABLE ASTROLOGER.

For many years I have been advertising in American and foreign newspapers and magazines; perhaps your next-door neighbor knows me or has consulted me for advice. I have built up a reputation for giving honest, accurate and conscientious service to my patrons. They will tell you I am America's reliable Astrologer. I do not ask you to take my word for any statement made here, but I do ask for an opportunity to demonstrate my ability. Read what three of my patrons say about their horoscopes:

Newark, N.J.
"My marriage took place as you predicted, and I am the happiest woman in the world. I feel that you are the one really great Astrologer to whom the American people should turn for advice and counsel. Everything you predicted in my Horoscope came to pass as accurately as clock work."
BERTHA AXT.

Brandon, Can.
"My Horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me, unless I was sure that I would get another one as accurate as this one." Yours very truly,
A. Broad, Real Estate Agent.

Mountain Park, Okla.
"Dear Friend—By you giving me 'lucky dates' I have been able to dispose of some property, greatly to my advantage. Every line of my Horoscope was of value to me. I shall consult you again in the future. I wish others might understand what great assistance you could be, in trouble of any kind." Most sincerely,
MRS. ANNIE M. ROWLAND.

I have stacks of letters similar to the above. Many write that they cannot find words to express their thanks for the benefits derived from my advice. Many have followed my advice and gained wealth, happiness, love and popularity. I believe I can be of help to you. It costs you nothing to test my ability. I will send you a reading in which I will tell facts about yourself and your life that will cause you to marvel at the wonders of Astrology. My system has stood the test of time. People who consulted me years ago acknowledge that no other Astrologer is as accurate. If you wish a free reading, simply send me your name (whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) the date of your birth (state hour if possible), and I will send you the reading at once, and will also send you a copy of my interesting booklet, "Your Destiny Foretold." If you wish you can inclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage, etc. Address: Albert H. Postel, Room 1249, No. 126 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

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